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The Malecontent;

A

SATYR:

Being the Sequel of the

Progress of Honesty,

OR A VIEW

Of Court and City.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, Bookseller to his Royal
Highness, at the Black Bull in *Cornhill*, 1684.

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• EPISTLE.

TO

His Royal Highness

THE

DUKE.

When Rome had aw'd the World with her Alarms,
And peacefull Arts succeeded dreadfull Arms ;
Virgil and Horace did the Empire treat,
And laid inspiring Verse at Cæsar's feet :
Imperial justice Crown'd their heads with Bayes,
As they his Conquests with Immortal praise.
With their Ambition, though not equal Art,
Oblig'd by Duty, and a Loyal heart,
Your gratefull Poet, (Sacred Sir) presumes
To Court great Britain's Genius, as they Rome's ;
Belov'd of Heaven, great Authour of our bliss,
Rebellion's scourge, defender of our Peace ;

That

Epistle Dedicatory.

*That the Rude Nation Godlike didst inspire,
Kindle the Clod with influencing fire ;
Till Reason, like th' eternal Soul did move
O'er confus'd Chaos, and like awfull Jove,
Form'd the dull Lump to Order and to Love : }
You, like the Monarch of this Factious Isle,
Did on your Foes enervate Malice smile ;
Grasping the Brand, even then you could forgive,
Stop the revenging Bolt, and let 'em live :
But judgment still is sure ; what you neglect,
Their own despair will Brutishly effect.
Witness He late who by Rack'd Conscience stray'd ;
Murth'ring himself, his horrid Cause displaid.
So when mysterious God and Man was led
To death, by Judas Impiously betray'd ;
He, knowing that the Plot by him design'd
Had doom'd the mighty Saviour of Mankind ,
Return'd the Bribe, and with Hell's rage possest,
Discharg'd a Soul, that knew no place of rest.
Degrees of Crimes will have degrees of Woe ,
But Rebels are all doubly damn'd below.
Had the poor Felon, that was Crucify'd,
Been found a Rebel, or a Regicide ,
The great Redeemer trembling at his vice,
Had soon revok'd his Grant of Paradise.
Mercy is Heaven's chiefest Attribute ,
And greatest Crimes make it most absolute ;
But stubborn Reprobates will never mend,
The more you pardon, they the more offend.*

Epistle Dedicatory.

For Pharaoh's Court obey'd divine Command
No longer than the Locusts plagu'd his Land ;
The Curse remov'd, they the Wise Prophet scorn,
And beastlike to their Excrement return.
Your vertue (Sir) unshockt by fear, or harm,
Knows the weak malice of the Snakes you warn ;
Blest with your Beams, they wriggle till they're hot;
Then seeded venom spreads into a Plot,
The Nations Ague, every Plot has been,
Or Hell's dire Engine late with terror seen ;
When Brutish Rabble turn'd the vast Machine. }
But you to heal the Kingdom's frenzy come,
And now again the Olive branches bloom :
The peacefull Dove may o'er the Déluge fly,
Pearch on high Trees, and murmur Songs of Joy ;
You are in Cæsar safe, and ha^{ve} in you ;
The best of Subjects, and of Brothers too :
Fixt to his Int'rest with Religious Care,
Patron of Peace, and Father of the War :
To whose known judgment, Arts and Arms belong,
Bellona's Buckler, and Apollo's song.
Whoever su'd with Tears or bended knee,
That was not succour'd by your Clemency ?
The Warriour has for noble Scars reward,
The Widows and the Orphans Crys are heard ;
Afflicted Merit is no more distrest ;
So much of Pity fills your sacred Breast :
Yet chatt'ring Momus will your Fame assail,
The foolish Momus is allow'd to rail,

Cant

Epistle Dedicatory.

Cant without wit, and without Satyr write;
He onely Snarls and Grins, but dares not bite.
Envy, like Trophies, decks a General:
The cackling Geese once sav'd Rome's Capitol.
Under the Crowds reproach the more you lye,
The more discerning judgment mounts you high.
So into bliss those best deserve to come,
That for the Truth dare suffer Martyrdom.

Great Sir,

Your Highness's

most devoted and

most obedient Servant,

T. D'vrsey.

P R E F A C E T O T H E R E A D E R.

I am in some sort oblig'd to declare, that no particular resentment of my own, farther than the sense I had of the general vices of the times, and for the Information of the publick, induced me to write this Satyr, or give it this Title; but I confess I now do, and always did think it both my duty, and every ones else that is Capacitated, to lash and expose Enormities of so damnable a quality as the characters in the following Stanza's stand tainted with: And therefore if some severe observers, that may perhaps in this Mirrour see the shadow of an intimate Friend or Acquaintance, should think the Reflexions too gross, and open, let such be pleas'd to consider on the subject matter, the substances, and horrid Theme that inspires the satyrick Pen, and then doubtless (if they are not well-willers to the Mathematicks themselves) they will generously allow, that Crimes of this dreadfull Nature ought not to be Complemented, nor Guilded o'er with Rhetorick in such a manner, as if the Authour rather design'd to shew the virtue of his own Poetry, than the vice he was writing on. 'Tis true there may be offences which no Poet is so much a Cynick always to treat at this blunt Rate; the surly Muse may be strok'd into good nature when the sin comes within the list of Venial, as for example, Pride may be gloss'd over and call'd Presence of mind, or Courtly breeding; Fornication may be poetically styl'd the Errour of Lentious bloud, the Imperfection of irregular Touth, not guided by reason or religious Judgment; The railing Whig, or what's worse, the Trimmer (provided he speak no Treason) by the obliging Satyrist may be tenderly us'd, because he has a way with him, and expresses nothing but according to his Conscience; The Jordid Miser may be rendred a wise and provident Person, nay, even the crying sin Adultery, by the vernish and illustration of Poetry may be guilded o'er with Moral justice, provided the Wife be Old and Bedrid, and the young Husband wants an heir for his Estate: But Paricide, privy Conspiracy, Rebellion, Incest, Murther, and such like, must never expelt such favour; the Satyr there should lash to the bloud, and make each stroke so terrible, and the shame so obvious, that the weakest judgment may comprehend, and feel the meaning: Neither am I of an opinion with them that affirm, that Satyr should tickle till it Smarts; I rather

Preface.

I rather, like a good Surgeon, would have it smart soundly at first, the wound will tickle enough when it is healing: and I am very apt to believe the undaunted Juvenal was in this mind, for I never read in any of his Satyrs, where he was daubing any vice, with intent to lessen it, but, encouraged by his perfect honesty, and man-like bravery of soul, always painted it in its natural Sables; a Fool was by him drawn like a Fool, inspite of his guilt Coach, gaudy Trappings, and numberless Acres of dirt, and a Traitor, like a Traitor, though his fortune made him a Senatour; this I hold as a good example for every just Author, and which I am resolv'd to follow, let the Consequence happen as it pleases. Those that have not read the first Part of this Poem, viz. (The Progress of honesty, written in the beginning of Oates's Plot) will be the less satisfied with these Sheets, not that I doubt but the Reflexions will be easily understood, for I have always observ'd that Rhubarb is more pleasing to our Nation than Honey, which, though I am sorry to know, yet I cannot remedy; and, had I less Zeal for my Country, I should be less diligent in exposing its faults; but, living under the Government of so good and gracious a Sovereign, I should think my self unworthy of a smile from him, or the least blessing of his Royal favour, if I should not, with my utmost vigour and severest Genius, expose and render odious to futurity, the unnatural Agents and Associatours in so horrible a Conspiracy.

THE

The Malecontent.

A

P O E M.

I.

AURORA now had blusht upon the Day,
 And driven Night's shades away,
 Giving the glorious Monarch of the Morn
 A Summons to return,
 And bles the World with his propitious Rays,
 The early Lark fung Anthems in the Skies,
 The watchfull Cock with shrill and Echoing voice
 Had told the Husbandman 'twas time to rise,
 The welcome Fruit of his past Toil to reap,
 Nor longer give his pretious hours to sleep ;
 The chattering Rooks, wak'd by disturbing light,
 From lofty Trees where they had slept that Night,
 Flew to each others Nests, to kiss and play,
 Telling their sable Loves the business of the day,
 And on what Farmer's Stubble they should prey :
 The Air was cool, the weather was serene,
 No envious Cloud did the Sun's Luster screen,
 But gentle Calms o'erspread the Seas ;
 The Heavens and Earth seem'd full of Joy, and gay and green the Trees

B

II.

II

* *Vide The Progress of Honesty, the third Page.* When * *Errorr*, our late wild ungovern'd Youth,
 Newly converted to the Truth,
 And by his Father's sage advice brought in
 From the wide, pleasant, but destructive, paths of Sin,
 Rose from the humble Couch whereon he lay,
 And where with watry Eyes he past the Night's fatigue away :
 For fatal visions had disturb'd his breast,
 And Rob'd him of his darling Rest ;
 Visions of Beauties snares, and Love in vain
 Of souls despairing, and Eternal Pain,
 Of hellish Traitours that were damn'd for gain,
 Of Wealth and honours promist, but forgot,
 And of a horrid Plot,
 That Devils in the shape of Saints devise
 To murther Kings and root up Monarchies.
 His constitution and complexion were
 True Omens of his future care ;
 A Sable melancholy clog'd his bloud,
 Which seldom e'er presages good,
 And deadly Paleness fill'd his cheeks, which show'd
 As if he thought his life did vainly Waste,
 Or had reflected on the Ills his Youth had past.
 Oft would he Start, and heavens bright Mansions view,
 Oft Sigh and Cry, vain foolish World Adieu ;
 Thou Trifle which the fond and wanton prize,
 But Inconvenience to the Good and Wise ;
 How with thy Pride, thy Pomp and State,
 Performance nothing, though thy promise great,
 Have I too often been betray'd,
 And caught in the strong Snares, thy Arts have laid ?
 Why was I born to be deceiv'd ?
 And why, alas, wert thou beleiv'd ?
 Thus vext by Love, and some preferments losse,
 Which he from Court, and Great ones promis'd was,
 The wretched Youth from his Apartment went,
 Which weeping and destructive Cares have Spent,
 And on his brow was painted large the scene of discontent.

III

Through verdant Meads, and flow'ry Vales he goes,
 Where many a Beauteous Rose
 Delightfull Odours did dispense
 To his too Stupid and Neglectfull Sense,
 Blushing as if they thought it were a Crime,
 Not to be Ravish'd in the prime :
 Each Gentle Rivulet and Purling Brook
 Mourns his dejected look,
 Seeming to Murmur Pity, and relate
 The story of his Melancholy fate ;
 And every pretty Warbler of the Wood,
 As if his Woes they understood,
 Kept time with his Complaints, and wept, and sung
 Sad Notes of Woe, taught by his mournfull tongue.

Thus Plung'd and hurried by his restless thought
 At last to a high mount he got,
 Barren as Nature, e'er she God obey'd,
 Or *Chaos* e'er the great creating Word was said.
 The sleeky sheep that fed thereon were lean,
 As a long seven Years famine there had bin,
 Their wretched Bones peep through their Skin,
 Like Fairie land shew'd the forgotten place,
 Blest with no wholsome Plant nor virgant blade of Grass.

A Lofty Cliff there stood that did Survey
 Some forty fathom down the Sea,
 Whose Billows envying such Aspiring height,
 Seem'd with Impetuous might
 To undermine its Root, and make it bow
 Its Towering front to the salt Deepes below,
 There looking down upon the foaming Beach,
 Sate a forlorn uncomfortable Wretch,
 Grizled with hair, by Sorrow, and by Years,
 His Sullen face bedew'd with Tears,
 Lookt like the Figure of Mortality,
 Or Man in his first State of misery ;
 Savage his Mein, and wretched his Attire,
 Yet lofty thoughts did in his breast Conspire,

Which

Which gave this utterance to his Tongue,
 How long, base World, he cry'd, 'ow long
 Like a poor shackl'd Prisoner must I be
 Passive Spectatour of thy Villany?
 Why, more than crawling Insects of the Earth,
 Must I have Cause to Curse my Birth?
 The Birds, and Beasts, and Fish in Seas
 Are with the Order of their living pleas'd,
 Nay Fools, and the unthinking live in peace;
 But I, a wretch that heaven design'd to Cross,
 For Vertue am despis'd, am honest to my los.
 Thus spoke the Satyrist, A man that had,
 Through all the Sciences Inspection made;
 Profound in Knowledge, and in Judgment bold,
 Wise as the fam'd Philosophers of Old,
 Austere in Life, and one that could
 In highest Schools dispute with each degree
 From sacred Reason down to pedant Sophistry.

IV

His name was *Malecontent*, whom with a gracefull bow
Errorr accosted, and Saluting low
 His Ruthfull discontents desir'd to know,
 And why upon the Sterile uncouth plains he wandred so:
 A secret Joy his visage did express
 To find a Sociate in that lonely place,
 And therefore beg'd to know the tenour of his Case;
 To whom the Satyrist reply'd,
 In what obscure place do'st thou reside?
 What secret Den, or Cave, that do'st not know
 The Curse of humane kind and General Cause of Woe?
 My private Sorrows in particular,
 Alas, not worth description are:
 Condemn'd to my ill Stars, 'twas my fixt lot,
 To be a prey to a rich Potent Sot;
 That Nature made an Afs, and so preferment got:
 For be it known to all the men of Wit,
 'Tis still the Fool that has the best Estate;

Wisdom is mild and modest, free from pride,
 And with an humble portion satisfy'd;
 And though he nothing gets, he has the sence,
 To practise patience, and not wrong his Prince;
 But the bold Fool will to preferment rise,
 For none e'er knew her Court the Good and Wise:
 Kings, like the World's great Influencing light,
 Spread round their glories to the Peoples sight;
 But still some Tall Oak gets between,
 And humble Shrubs are never seen.
 The flattering, pushing, cringing Knave
 The foremost Post will have,
 Whilst bashfull Worth is waiting like a Slave;
 Who though he Covets little, much deserves,
 The Sordid World neglegets him, and he Starves.
 Who therefore would a Tenant be,
 To this vast ill built Frame of Villany,
 That has a generous Soul,
 And can by one bold stroke ill fate controul?
 Who would be bit by ill bred Dogs?
 See his fair Love condemn'd to senseless Rogues;
 Cause th' one has greater stock to buy,
 And't other best can fawn and lye?
 Who would the Nauseous Rabbles flouts receive,
 Though brave be slighted, and yet live?
 Did not an awfull and Religious fear
 Of something after Death we know not where,
 Controll the noble Lust of dissolution,
 And hinder our resolv'd Confusion;
 Shewing we better had with painfull ills dispence,
 Than forfeit heaven by Stubborn disobedience:
 This well I know, and though my own
 Distracting Cares do give me Cause to moan,
 And spend my wretched days in discontent alone;
 Though I have bin too much abus'd,
 Of Place and wealth by hounds in office chous'd,
 Lost the Rewards for which in fields I bled,
 And seen tame Villains cherisht o'er my head:

Yet deeper griefs oppres me now,
 My Princes danger, and my Countries woe;
 By black Conspiracies that plainly knew,
 The Lust of *English* Rebels, that still strike
 At a Crown'd head, and would be kings alike:
 This rends my throbbing heart, for this I howl,
 'Tis this disturbs the peacefull Order of my Soul,
 And makes me rather wish for death (breath.)
 Than live in the Envenom'd Air, where loathsome Villains

V

Once was the fair *Britania* Crown'd with power,
 The Garden of the World, the pleasent bower
 Of favourite Princes, that were happy made
 To vail their Crowns, and Sleep in her refreshing Shade.
 The bounteous hand of Plenty open'd here,
 Whose *Cornucopia* blest each coming year,
 And on her fragrant bosome Nature lay,
 And Crown'd each silent night and every happy day;
 Then bright *Augusta* flourisht, whose fame ran
 To both the Poles through the wide Ocean,
 Chief Metropolitan.
 Imperial *Cæsar* lov'd her, but too fond,
 Gave her such bounties from his Royal hand
 She was at last Aspiring to Command;
 Shockt her great Master, and for War prepar'd,
 Chusing the monster *Hydra* for her Guard;
 And as the Adder, which a harmless Swain,
 Gasping for life found on the frozen plain,
 By him through pity nourisht near a fire,
 Feeling new warmth his vains inspire,
 Flew at his Courteous Host, and with black venom griev'd,
 The man that him from death retriev'd:
 So she with hissing Rage attaqu'd her King;
 But heaven decree'd the Drone should have no Sting,
 Unedg'd her Mischiefs, and the Creature left;
 Like a poor Lunatick, of friends bereft,
 To sham Elections with Phanatick Votes,
 Bribe perjur'd Rogues, and Nurse up *Titus O.*

Till

Till like a Jilt that trades for half a Crown;
 Debaucht by sneaking Presbyterian *John*,
 She is degraded, and no more th' Imperial Town;
 But losing th' Charter and each Royal Grant,
Bedlam shall now be call'd instead of *Troynovant*;

VI

Within the Chancs of whose putrid Womb,
 Plagu'd with Infectious stench, and Noysome fume,
 Which from the fatning dregs of Plenty springs;
 Plenty that gives her Pamper'd vipers wings,
 And hissing tongues, and dreadfull teeth and stings;
 In a dark Cave of horrour, choakt with weeds,
 Of poysous vice, and horrid deeds,
 A Dreadfull and Gigantick Monster breeds,
 More bloody than the one-Ey'd *Cyclops* brood,
 Or th' Savage Sons of Earth before the Flood:
 Not the Olympick Race, that against heaven made War,
 Hurling vast Mountains through the Air,
 With this can equal or compare;
 A thousand Teeth it has, as many Claws,
 To tear in peices Monarchy, and Laws;
 The Loyal, and the brave, ne'er Scape its paws,
 All Kings it hates, and Regal power
 It never could endure,
 But Anarchy inspires, whose Brutish Pugs,
 In slimy genders breed a Tribe of Rogues;
 With these it herds, for these will fight,
 These still supports, with curst Tyrannick might;
 For strength it has, beyond Imagination,
 And easily could make Invasion,
 Rove every where unconquer'd, though withstood,
 Bathing its Native Land in bloud,
 Rapes, Murthers, Roberies, Treasons, Blasphemies,
 That seem to dare the Skies,
 And even God himself, with insolent Impieties.
 No Crime, with which Mankind was ever Curst,
 Since *Adam's* Sin at first,
 But it had dorte, or else resolv'd to doe,
 And still most pleas'd with Mischiefs strange and new;

Thus

Thus like a horrid Dragon, frightfull to behold,
 It over *England* rowl'd,
 Bringing destruction wheresoe'er it came,
 With poisonous breath, sharp phangs and Eyes of flame;
 It plagu'd th' unhappy Land, *REBELLION* was its Name.

VII

And now methinks my Spleenfull *Genius* tends,
 To give a Character of all its Agent fiends;
 Traitors on whom heaven's Curse ne'er lights in vain,
 Whilst each is branded with the Mark of *Cain*:
 See *Marcian* first, the Prince of all the rest, *Mornmouth*
 Tossing his Empty Head bestride the horrid beast;
 Degenerate *Marcian*, Shame to his great Race,
 His wounded Countries worst disgrace;
 Eternal is his hated Infamy,
 And his Escutcheon now Erected high,
 Shall never Raze the natural Obloquy;
 But have Engrail'd a more Prodigious Blot,
 Treason and Parricide, Crimes of Dreadfull Note,
 Shall dash the Or, and Gules, and Cloud the Herald's Coat.
 None e'er like him, with honours was endow'd,
 Nor none like him, had such Ingratitude;
 In Childhood train'd to a Monastick life,
 Free from Ambitious strife;
 When peacefull Arts all strove to Influence,
 And if 'twere possible, to teach him Sense;
 From *Ross*'s discipline, who took great pains
 To fill the *vacuum* of his Brains:
 His gratioust Uncle that from loud report,
 Had heard how far his Wit came short;
 To mend the matter, sent for him to Court,
 Thinking amongst the wisdom of that Place,
 (Assisted by a Taking face)
 That his might tolerably pass;
 And knowing he had Courage, nobly Scan'd
 His growing worth, and got him high Command;
 Gave him applause in our great Monarch's ear,
 Who after sent him to the War,

Where

Where to say truth he got renown,
 And Rashly ventring, took a famous Town,
 But there th' Ambitious Pill first swallow'd down;
 And factious Fiends inspir'd th' ill fated Else
 To set up for himself;
 Nor longer a respect, and duty bear
 To the illustrious, and lawfull Heir;
 But his successive right oppose, and quell,
 Though from his Favour, all his Honours fell,
 Who could have crush't the Serpent in the Shell.
 From thence to greater Crimes he passes on.
 And now resolves to mount the Throne,
 Calls it his due, though by the equal Law,
 From whence our rights Legitimate we draw,
 The meanest wretch, of most obscure degree,
 Had more pretensions to't than he.
 The Double duty, which he knows,
 He to his Father, and his Monarch owes,
 By double disobedience is undone,
 And he's no more a Subject nor a Son.
Let with the Ladies, still his fame abides,
A Gracefull Mein, how gallantly he rides!
That he should e'er commit such ill,
Usurp the Throne, and his great Father kill!
I'll not believe it, 'tis Impossible to
Thus let a man commit the worst of Sin,
Be but his outside fine, let that but Win,
And your true Woman never looks within.
 Here stands the Imperfection of the Age,
 But that which most my fancy do's Engage
 To write, and fills me with Poetick Rage,
 Is that he should be overwel'd,
 And by such Beasts betray'd, and fool'd;
 That he should take Instructions from
 Such a strange Brute, as Bully Tom; Armstrong.
 Ye Powers! to be drawn in by him,
 Is such a vile unpardonable Crime,
 That were he free from any other fault,
 He merits to be damn'd for that

VIII.

The *Bravo*, next himself, infects my Rhimes,
 Whose unexampled Crimes,
 My pen sets down to fright the future times ;
 A decoy Traitor, whom th' Infernal chose,
 To draw the Rebel-tribe into the Noose,
 And made him use his interest in the Town,
 First to damn others Souls, and last his own.

In all the villanies we find
 Intail'd on wretched Humane-kind,
 He is most skilfull, and should take degree
 Before the Fiends themselves in each Impiety ;
 Rapes, Murthers, Blasphemies which other men
 Account the greatest, worst of Sin,
 Are done by him, in such a sort ;
 As if they onely were his Sport ;
 All free, and easiy, without pains,
 Nor did he e'er molest his busie brains
 With learning, or what moral Authours tell,
 But onely studdied to Rebell.

Thus stands his Chronicle in every blotted Page,
 From wicked Childhood up to Grizled Age ;
 And now we're speaking of his Infamy,
 A word were not a miss of his high Progeny :
 His Father, the great authour of his Race,
 From whose strong Loyns first sprang this Imp of Grace,
 As modest fame reports, A footman was,
 (With reverence to *Tom's* Knighthood;) And a man
 That through life's cross Fatigues contented Ran,
 Peacefull his thoughts, and Loyal his design ;
 No factious Calenture disturb'd his mind,
 But Calmly to his Patron's Will enclin'd ;
 Till being by him preferr'd, the gracious hand
 Of our dread Monarch gave him a Command :
 This was the Top of the great Family,
 And now to see,
 How Natures by Instinct do oft agree,
Tom's of the Running Camp, as well as he.

The

The Sire by duty bound speeds on, the Son,
 As fate Commands, do's from his Country Run:
 This great distinction there is onely known,
 The Sire ran on others Errands, *Tom* on's own.
 Some speak him fam'd, for mighty deeds in War,
 But those deny it that were there,
 And undertake to mak't appear,
 At *Maastricht* through the, Ravellins he crept out,
 When all the rest o'th' Party fought:
 Yet often has he bragg'd of broken bones,
 And three Contusions he receiv'd at *Mons*,
 And yet no other damage got,
 A sign he was not very near the Shot:
 Had he not been by distance kindly us'd,
 The Bullets would have enter'd, not contus'd.
 But for a Midnight brawle, for Dice, or Drab,
 A Tavern Tilt, or Play-house Stab;
 For such Heroick deeds, nône can applauded be,
 Or gain more Just renown than he:
 When the late Massacre was undertook
 He beg'd the Christian Charge, to stab the *Duke*:
 Told 'em his reasons, did not blush to say,
 How he had plotted down the way,
 And hop't, that glorious Act might be his own;
 Was ever such a blest Reformer known?
 He shall be stabbing Master General,
 And Captain of the Guards in Hell.
 But, as amongst the Moors in *Africk's* Clime,
 Whoever there has done a weighty Crime,
 To a Lion's thrown, arm'd onely with a Sword,
 Whom if he kills he's presently restor'd,
 And crown'd with Garlands, to high place preferr'd:
 So he to whom such horrid wreathes belong'd,
 First to deserve it throughly must be hang'd;
 Then shall he have his Patent freely pass,
 And from the lofty Gallows swing into his place.

IX.

Sedition, like the Plague, do's spread and grow,
 Let one be tainted, straught the Nation's so.

A fatal witchcraft that inspires the Brain
 To covet things unnatural and vain.
 Some, not contented with their proper Station,
 Curse the Dull times, and plot a Reformation:
 This man is for th' Eftabliſht Church and State,
 Another a free Conſcience do's debate;
 And a third fool would have he kn ows not what.
 From one Lust to another thus they range,
 And pine, and languish for a change.
 Others there are with wealth and honour bleſt,
 Gifts, one would think, eſſential to Reſt:
 Yet these degenerate ambition Blinds,
 Ambition, the Curſt frenzie of ill minds:
 And when a mighty Prince they view,
 Ungratefull Stars, they cry, why were not we ſo too?
 Thus, though it mounts to heaven's Azure Roof,
 Ambition never thinks 'tis high enough.
 In the First Rank of theſe with Clouded Brow,
 Tall Catiline himſelf do's show; Warkē
 A man ſo happy once, as if kind Fate
 Th' extreme of Blessings did create,
 To crown his life with more than fortunate:
 Even Death the Scourge of Nature was his friend,
 And just as if it did intend
 To show how much the Youth was lov'd;
 The Grandsire, Father, Brother, all remov'd
 To their long homes;
 Their ſilent Tombs:
 Only to raise his fortune, and make way,
 For his Hereditary Sway;
 Else he a lowly fortune had Obey'd,
 And bin the humble vassal to ſome Trade;
 Venting his Wit, moft Politick and Wife,
 O'er Bags of Peper, Cloves and Spice;
 But never bin ſo popular to bribe
 The Nasty Ignoramus Tribe;
 Nor factious Knights of Counties bring,
 Triumphantly ſet up againſt his King.
 But ſee the Vice of wretched Humane kind,
 When once the heart to mischief is enclin'd,

It never can return but plunges on,
 Ne'er pleas'd till th' utmost villany be done:
 This *Catiline* confirms, who having rov'd
 Through the Salt *Bagnio's* of Incestuous Love,
 Betray'd the Beautifull, and Ignorant,

Whose misery I now want Skill to paint;
 Defil'd the Marriage-bed, unmov'd could see

The Aged Father's tears for the Indignity,
 And scandal done his Noble family :

Yet still these were not Crimes enough,
 His Conscience was so clearly mischief-proof

That it no pleasure to his Sense could bring,
 Till he was in a Plot to kill the King :

The Devil soon took hold of the occasion,
 And streight propounds Association:

The motion takes, and in the foremost band;
 The Noble Peer, as nobly sets his hand,

With voluntary free consent,
 Is bound by dreadfull Sacrament,

To root out Monarchies, and procure his fall
 Whose Sacred life do's Influence us all.

So in a gloomy Cave, where Toads and Serpents breed,
 O'er-grown with Thistles, Thorns, and loathsome Weeds,

A place design'd for horrid Deeds,
 Old *Faustus* with a Devilish hand,

Once sign'd to *Lucifer* a Bond;
 Gave up his Soul upon Condition,

His Lust was fed of mischief, and Ambition.
 Oh what a Cursed fiend is Man,

When he forgets his nature! Whence began
 Our Primitive misery, but by th' offence

Of stubborn disobedience?

Neglect of Duty first begins,

And ushers in all other Sins;

Till the account at last, do's boundless swell,
 And quite exceed the Register of Hell.

X

Happy the times were then, when Kings

Were known distinguishable things,

When they could prove that they were able
 To govern, and suppress the Rabble;
 When in the Senates all the Sages
 Wore comely Liverie-Coats and Badges,
 And came two hundred miles with Loyal soul,
 To counsel *Cæsar*, not controul:
 When all their busnes was to Aid,
 And give encouragement to Trade,
 And not the King's Pterogative t'invade,
 Nor any Mad *Chimeras* to set down,
 Relating to succession, or the Crown,
 Unless the King himself consenting was,
 And askt their Counfel in the Case.
 But now, as if the Dragons teeth were Sown,
 And thence Innumerable Monsters grown,
 In th' house of Strange Animosities arise,
 About the Peoples Liberties,
 And who shall Reign when *Cæsar* dies:
 Religion fires their Conscience there,
 Though not a motion a'nt elsewhere;
 Yet then all Zealous, Politick and Wise:
 At Godly *Cæsar* best dandys vulgar Eyes.
 A Bigot of this sort rash *Cinna* was, *Russell*
 Sprung from a stanch, Rebellious Race,
 Under whose Roof, was horribly contriv'd,
 The death of the best Monarch ever liv'd;
 The thought of which charms my Satyrick vein,
 Who can of such a loss enough Complain,
 And not with Blood might pay for blood again,
 And see the great Avengers justice shwon?
Cinna, that late, with calm, and subtile Tone,
 Encouraged the mad Senate to go on;
 He that with grave, and Conscientious look,
 In fewest words, most Treason spoke,
 And gave his Pious vote, t' exclude the D—
 Would now exclude the King: The Pillar fell,
 That props three mighty Kingdoms; burn and kill,
 Till Monarchy were turn'd t'a Common-weal:
 But such a Hellish, barbarous intent,
 Meets commonly a Hellish punishment:

Cinna's accus'd, and Legally Condemn'd,
 By every honest Tongue, with horrour nam'd;
 To Execution brought, resolv'd to show,
 An enthuſiaſtick Bravery, did bow
 His Neck with willingness to meet the blow:

But as if Heaven, at the very time,
 Decree'd severest justice, for his Crime;
 Three strokes fell on him, e'er he lost his head;
A blow for every Kingdom he betray'd.

X.I.

Attending on this Pious work
 Stood a Soul-broker, of the *Scottish-Kirk*; *Burnet*
 A Whining, Sneaking, Canting Saint,
 As ever took the Covenant:
 And as it ever was his Trick,
 To disturb people that were Sick;
 He now his skill do's most employ,
 To Teize and Plague 'em when they dye:
 Thus, as the Serpent did to *Eve*,
 Just as they're going to take leave,
 He works their Pannick fear, to speak his Lye,
 And hedges in damnation by the bye.
 The worst of *Malecontents* he is,
 E'er since he lost a Benefice;
 Nor is it possible to reconcile
 Him to us, since he lost *St. Mary Hill*
 His spleenfull Nature still against us bent,
 Assisted by a daring Parliament; 1640
 Would fain have taught us to agree
 To his *Scotch way of Loyalty*, 1641
 The very same was us'd in forty/three
 With Massacres his Sermons frightened us,
 For which he had the thanks o'th' Commons house,
 Who were within an Ace of mutinous:
 But a Learn'd * Preacher, who had boldly shown,
 The Peoples fears were vain, had none;
 Thus 'tis not he, that trueſt matter gives,
 A just applause receives,
 But who best Claws the Representatives;

^{*Dr. Spratt}*A blessed*

A blessed Age, when Bigoted Divines
 Shall wrest the Scripture to their ill designs:
 Oh what a Misery it is, that he
 That has the luck of being learn'd, should be
 The first to Countenance Disloyalty ! }
 That one whose Reason to the highest reaches,
 Should corrupt dying men, and write sham Speeches;
 And brib'd by treacherous Gold,
 All their false Notions and Opinions hold;
 As in the Speech of *Cinna*, where
 The Reverend Doctour did appear
 In every line, each Paragraph,
 That made the men of Judgment laugh,
 Was worded by the Doctour, we could view
 In every clouded Line, the *Scotch* Wit darting through ;
 The Logick was the Doctours', all the fallacies,
 And Contradictions, there were his ;
 Nay, the sham Law in't was the Doctour's too,
 But his misprisions would not doe ; }
 The Judges, that it was high Treason, knew.
 Sure never any Nation, could confess,
 With Doctours they were plagu'd like this.
 The *Salamanca* Dragon, late held forth,
 And now we have another from the North ;
Hugh Peters formerly came from the West,
 Let us but have a fourth from out the East ; }
 And never kingdom was so blest.
 I'll fares the Land, if once the Clergy err,
 For who are known so popular ?
 The sheep must then needs go a-stray,
 When Shepherds can, and will not lead the way.
 And as Religion should no interest have,
 O'er souls, or bodies, but to save ; }
 As the Creatour's Will first form'd, and made,
 Who never did design it for a trade ;
 So he, that is ordain'd to teach should be
 A man of Pious Loyalty,
 Of steady mind, unapt to please each Sot,
 For he that winks at th' Ages general fault,
 Like *B——ss*, is a scandal to his Coat. }

XII.

When the Eternal did Mankind Create,
 As an addition to his happy State ;
 He gave him Reason, that he so might be
 Nearer his own Divinity.

Since when Religion's Sacred power
 Refin'd the drossie Ore,
 And taught the stupid Mortal to Adore ;
 Then *Priestly* Orders first began,

And the sincerest Man ;
 Born on the wings of fame, did soon disperse
 The Mystick tenets through the Universe :
 The learned Prophet did all hearts inspire
 With Morals sprung from his Celestial fire,

And all were willing to admire :
 No Bigot of the Rebel Synagogue,
 No sneering, Canting Rogue,
 No brib'd *Scotch* Quack, nor perjur'd *Salamant*—
 The heavenly dew of knowledge drank ;
 None Grac't the Priesthood, were not free from vice,
 Like *Aaron* Pious, and like *Moses* Wise.

But now ungratefull Schism the kingdom grieves ;
 The Sacred Church becomes a Den of Thieves :
 Drones, Dunces, Drunken slaves,
 Exotick Fools and pamper'd Knaves
 Have yet the Confidence
 To wear the spotless Robe of Innocence :
 And though the Lash, or hanging they deserve,
 Approach the Holy place, and at the Altar serve :
 Pardon, ye Reverend of the Sect divine,
 That ever will Serenely shine,
 The Satyr dares not against you conspire,
 Whose vertues bind him, and untwist his Wire :
 But were it not for happy you,
 For an unbyass'd, blessed few ;
 Faith and Religion would as useles's be,
 As Preaching true Obedience to the *Mobile* :

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 But were it not for happy you,
 For an unbyass'd, blessed few ;
 Faith and Religion would as useles's be,
 As Preaching true Obedience to the *Mobile* :

'Tis this that shocks the Judgment of the Wise,
 And adds to general Vice;
 This makes the Libertine go on,
 And leave no horrid Crime undone,
 Till his Inglorious Race is run so far,
 His Guardian Angel leaves him to despair;
 Despair, the Wages of Impiety,
 That makes the wretched Mortal hourly dye, }
 And feel new pangs of endless Misery.
 Who without horrour can relate,
 Or think on wretched Cambel's fate! Ceser
 Cambel, who not long since
 Had such exalted favours from his Prince ;
 They gain'd the Emulation,
 Of the third part o'th' Nation:
 Imperial Cesar trusted him with power,
 And on his head did showre
 Honours, would even make Ambition dumb,
 And own for more it wanted Room.
 His loyal Father's merits fresh did spring
 Within the memory of the gratefull King;
 His father, that proud Rebels long withstood,
 And seal'd his dear Allegiance with his Bloud,
 Losing his head for that great Monarch's sake,
 Whose life his barbarous Son conspires to take :
 Errour of Nature, blind Effect of fate,
 Oh what Philosophy can e'er relate,
 Or shew the natural Reason why,
 In Loyal bloud should brood such Villany ?
 If we chuse Horses, we the Breed prefer;
 If Dogs, we cannot err,
 The true bred Beagle ne'er can get a Cur: }
 In Cocks, the generous virtue is the same, }
 Who e'er could say a Craven came
 From one that was a Cock o'th' Game ? }
 But spurious Man the great Instinct denies,
 Turns Rebel, and his bloud do's Bastardize ;
 This Cambel proves, whose Crimes ot deepest dye,
 Now stretching to a point too high,

His bashfull *Genius* takes no farther care,
 But leaves him to despair; }
 Nor do's he dare }
 To think that Prince should be for Mercy sought,
 Whose Clemency is known his onely fault:
 But blinded with his dire Offence,
 Will add self-murther to his other sins;
 With his own hand life's Image do's deface,
 And with Mechanick Razor Ends his wretched days.

XIII.

Reflect, Oh thou that stirr'st up Civil strife,
 Reflect upon our gratiouse Monarch's life;
 And if Sedition have not made thee blind,
 Thou then art sure to find,
 The finger of the Deity appear,
 Marking the fate of each Miraculous Year;
 His infelicity, pains, wrongs, constraints,
 Sufferings, beyond the tryal of the Saints;
 And sure large Blessings are for him in store,
 Who by rebellious Subjects suffered more
 Than ever patient Monarch did before.
 Plots by damn'd Villains, thirsting for his bloud,
 Strangely discover'd, and withstood;
 By Rebel Crowds, proudly defying heaven;
 He from his Throne was driven,
 And forc't to shroud unhappy Majestie
 Within the Sacred hollow of a Tree;
 Till the Almighty, who had often heard
 His Prayers, alarm'd Heaven, and prepar'd }
 The Hierarchy of Angels for his Guard;
 And lately, when the dark and Clouded brow,
 Of black Conspiracy did shew,
 What the curst Regicides had sworn to doe; }
 God from his high and awfull Throne lookt down,
 And to prevent the mischief burnt a Town,
 And by a small destruction there,
 Hindred a general Massacre;

So *Pharaoh*'s host, from *Israel* did retire,
 Whose Guardian Angel hem'd 'em round with fire :
 Methinks I see, as I did then,
 The King, that greatest, best of Men ;
 Linckt with his dearest Brother, Royal *James*,
 Looking with generous grief upon the flames,
 Pitying the wretched Peoples Cries,
 As if they felt their Miseries,
 And bore an equal share in their Calamities : }
 A dreadfull lustre, from the flaming Town,
 On their illustrious faces shone ;
 But prov'd a Lambent Glory round each head,
 Presaging that from Treason they were free'd :
 But, oh, what faith can e'er believe,
 That after this great *Cæsar* can forgive ;
 That he can even pardon those,
 That were his greatest, worst of Foes, }
 And in this horrid Plot, against him rose ?
 Yet see 'tis so, false Tears, and bended Knee
 O'ercomes, and melts him into Clemency.
 Oh Godlike Nature, too too often us'd,
 And to our lasting shame, too much abus'd ;
 Whose virtue fixes an eternal Brand
 On this ingratefull Land,
 And makes me that had Charity before,
 Hate all Mankind, and wish that Nature were no more.
 See how lean *Cæsarius* yonder nods his head,
 On the poor Supplicant, that stands in need
 In whom the mischief of a States-man's Nature,
 May be discern'd in every ugly feature :
 Hark how he talks, and gravely lies,
 Hoping to hide his well-known vice, }
 And makes us think him Loyal, Good and Wise :
 But though the Adder shifts his speckled Skin,
 He cannot purge his venom that's within ;
 Tho' *Cæsarius* seem'd to purge his late offence,
 By a feign'd duty to his Prince ;
 Though he through all the Paths of ceremony Ran,
 At Levey, and at Couche, punctual Man :

My searching *Genius* tells me he's unjust,
 Knows well the heigh of his ambitious Lust,
 He would be still a Rebel if he durst. }
 See treacherous *Macro* too, rankt with the worst of Men;
 A Whigg, then Tory, then a Whigg again;
 Whose scandalous life becomes a Play-house Jest,
 Turn-coat in every Age for interest.
Newark be ever famous for thy Crime,
 And may thy story charm Satyrick Rhime;
 Thou that couldst leave thy Master in distres,
 Unpited see the Tears Rowl down his sacred face:
 Such pretious Tears, from such a Prince,
 Nature her self would Influence,
 And give to Flowers, and Plants a kindly Birth;
 As when from Clouds, the gentle showers come forth
 After immoderate heat, to cool the gaping Earth. }

XIV.

Why do's rich *Gallus*, whose full Pocket Chinks,
 Though under his Embroydery he stinks,
 Snuff up the Nose at *Sophus* that is poor,
 And Rate the humble Scholar from his door ;
 Call him base Rhimer, rowl his scornfull Eyes,
 As if to be a Poet were a vice ; }
 Or that it were a scandal to be wise?
 Or why should chattering *Balbus* frown,
 And bluntly cry that merit down,
 That with the wisest Ancients gain'd renown? }
 Value himself, for his dull Pedigree,
 Though they were all as senseless Brutes as he?
 And if Judicious censure runs him down,
 He streight begins a quarrel, to make known
 That though he cannot Spell, nor reade, nor write,
 Yet he has Brains enough to fight; }
 And by his brutish manners clear the doubt,
 That Reason can no Argument make out
 With your rash, cholericke Blockhead, that is stout.
 The Wise, and learned calmly can debate,
 But your true fool is always obstinate ; }

Fond of false Notions, always in the wrong,
 Loud, and profusely lavish of his tongue;
 Proud of a Criticism, which he calls Wit,
 Although the piece he scans be justly writ. }
 And the illiterate Dunce with reading Murthers it. }
 Pride, and curst Ignorance still coupled are,
 So have I seen an Ass tread down and tear
 A Laurel he could ne'er deserve to wear. }
 Lewdness, and Flattery thrives; and who can both
 Echoe a Lord, and lick away a Moth,
 Perhaps may get Meat, Drink, and Cloth:
 If noisie nothing he for reason grants,
 Swears the dull lump has vertues, that he knows he wants;
 Can Rail, Drink, Lye, Pimp, Flatter, Fawn, and Cheat;
 This from the Patron may preferment get,
 And he some ill plac't bounty may receive,
 But, ah, what wretch on such base terms could live?
 Give me, kind Heaven, a peacefull humble seat, }
 Without dependence on the great,
 Or knowledge of the Luxury of State; }
 Plac't in a little Cottage of my own,
 Far from the noisie, factious, busie Town, }
 In happy Innocent security;
 Stranger to crowded Courts, or dignity:
 Blest with my Books, some Friends, and one kind constant Fair,
 My lifes fatigue let me with patience bear,
 And in the Bosome of Contentment lye,
 Too low for Envy, and for Scorn too high.

X V.

Here stopt the Satyrist with sullen Pride,
 Vext that there were some tears he could not hide;
 A deep reflexion of his wretched State,
 And the ungratefull turns of wav'ring fate,
 Had made his Eyes with sorrow overflow,
 And groans, and sighs exprest his inward Woe.
 To whom impatient Errour thus replies:
 Oh sacred Moralist, learn'd, good, and Wise;
 Thou, to whose story my long ravish'd Ear
 Delighted stands, as if 'twere Charin'd to hear,

And

And wonder at that Tongue,
 That breath'd such moving Rhetorick so long.
 O Pardon me, thou that do'st all things know,
 If I divert thy Satyr's angry blow;
 Presuming to declare, that though the Age
 Deserves in General thy sharpest Rage,
 Yet some particular virtues may
 Atone for the black Crimes, that o'er the Nation sway:
 I own true worth on barren praises lives,
 That modest Virtue very rarely thrives:
 I know th' unhappy wife, if poor are scorn'd,
 Whilst fools with gaudy Trappings are adorn'd;
 And in the places of high office seen,
 Though they could ne'er get sense enough to mean, }
 Or take from twenty two, and leave eighteen.
 Worth unregarded lies, fop'ry advanc'd,
 And being Impudent is countenanc'd;
 Wit is, *Camelion* like, fed by the Air,
 Heaven's gift so onely is rewarded there.
 And when the Muses, the unhappy Nine,
 In charming, tunefull numbers joyn,
 To frame some wondrous Tale,
 To lash the Age, and o'er dull Ignorance prevail;
 The Sot, to whom the labour'd peice is sent,
 Repays the Authour with a Complement;
 Proud of himself, he sordidly believes,
 That 'tis reward enough if he receives.
 Virtue is often slighted with a frown,
 And fawning Vice usurps her dazzling Crown,
 Snatches the Glory, and by fortune rais'd,
 Is by th' unthinking Crowd, allow'd, and prais'd:
 Too deep a sense, alas! I have of this,
 And of the Worlds Impieties:
 Yet though th' unweeded Garden do's appear
 O'ergrown, as if not worth the heavenly Care, }
 Amongst the Thistles there some Roses are.
 Spite of State-Theives that would have all their own,
King Cæsar has yet some Jewels in his Crown,
 That shall, in spite of all the Rebel kind,
 Glitter, and strike the Eyes of Envy blind:

The Guardian Angel that protects his Throne;
Has seal'd a few blest Heroes for his own.

Cæsario at his feet himself do's throw, *b: Yorke*
The best of Brothers, and of Subjects too;
Royal as Monarchy, that heaven first gave,
And yet obedient as a Slave.

Ambition that so Giant-like do's seem,
Do's like a Pigmy grow in him;
No State beyond his right he ever sought,

Nor ever did aspiring thought
Offend his breast, or check his dutious Love
To *England's* sacred *Jove*:

But in his Loyal Sphere, both good and great
He calmly mov'd, and kept his Seat;
Without the subtile States-man's Art,

He has of Government a part:
Cæsar in *England* reigns, and he in *Cæsar's* heart.

Publius next him in dutious Zeal do's burn, *Bibemarke*

A *Phænix* rising from a sacred Urn,
That do's contain a Heroe, did restore
A Monarch, and three Nations once before, (bore:}
And *England's* Conquering Cross in glorious Triumph }

None ever did his Prince more justly serve,
Nor ever from him more deserve:

The Grand fatigues of State are easie made,
And *Cæsar's* Crown sits light upon his head,
Through his unwearied diligence and Care;

Watchfull he is in peace, skilfull in war,
And do's so throughly his great father's Vertues share, }

That onely from so flourishing a Stem,
Could ever spring a Plant like him;
True noble Nature shines through every part,

And Centers in his heart:
His Soul was never fond of Dignity,
Or being Popularly high,
But humble as Supine Philosophers,
Although in Place exalted as the Stars;
And in that glorious Sphere, has nobly mov'd,
By all the Worthies honour'd, and belov'd;

Great, Good and Just, what praise can equal thee;
That hast no fault but too much Generosity !

XVII.

Cleon, belov'd of heaven, next appears, Armonde
A Heroe full of honours as of years;
Whose Loyal Zeal untainted and sublime
Stands in the lasting Chronicles of time,
And gives the gratefull King, occasion to commend
His faithfull Subject, Councillour and Friend :
Age, that in others do's distastfull seem,
Looks gay, and beautifull in him,
Smiling as if it could past ; vernal heats redeem ; }
And Nature, pitying one she had
Fram'd with the choicest wonders of her Trade, (laid, }
Should moulder into dust, and be with common Rubbish }
Medæa like, renews his prime,
Stops every posting year, and curbs destroying time ;
And by a strange Inspiring skill
Makes even Death it self, obedient to her will;
Checks him with fury in his dreadfull Chase :
But ah, though strongly she defend the Race ;
All Humane-kind must stoop at last,
Nature her self must her gay Topsails lour,
Humble as Earth, to Death's resistless power ;
And Cleon though great, valiant, wise, must dye
As certainly as I ;
Onely in this his fate exceeds,
That he's so good he scarce translation needs,
But were original Sin less great might be,
Clad in frail flesh, fit for Eternity.
More, (Oh thou great Observer of the Age)
Yet a few more there are, might 'scape thy Rage ;
Solon is just, lamented 'cause lie's old,
Studious in busines, and in Office bold ;
A second Machiavel for Policy,
But stranger to the States-man's villany ;

He still was Loyal in the worst of times,
 And nicely view'd the peoples Crimes;
 That with Judicious Care, and clearest sense,
 He so might Act the business of his Prince,
 And calm his doubts and fears with true Intelligence. }
Lycurgus next the Land from Traitors frees, Jeffereys
 Fixt to the Royal Cause through all degrees,
 His heart undaunted without fear or flaw,
 Guarded by reason, Loyalty and Law,
 Inspires him to defend the King's Prerogative,
 As well as if learn'd Jenkins were alive;
Whose bold positions thundring from the Tower,
Shook the hot Senates Legislative power:
 The same Renown *Lycurgus* do's possess,
 Whilst Plenteous blessings Crown his services;
Cæsar shov'r'd honours knowing he deserv'd:
 Highly rewarding him that highly serv'd.
 Strange Revolution, whom the Crow'd disgrac't,
 To dignity is by their Monarch Rais'd;
 And now he sits Exalted high,
 Of awfull Justice chief, to judge the Villany (Family). }
 Of Slaves that would have hang'd or starv'd him and his }

XVIII.

At this the Satyrist with sullen pride,
 Smiling as if he mockt himself, reply'd,
 Fond Youth, that think'st with thy weak fallacies,
 Thus to Delude my Eyes, }
 And with thin Mists shade o'er the Ages vice:
 Think not, but I believe some few there are
 That Virtue do prefer }
 Before the lussious Bait of Crimes irregular.
 Hell would be instant here on Earth,
 Were they all Feinds that are of Humane Birth:
 We do not in a direct *Sodom* live, }
 Sure we may Cull out four or five,
 That for eternal Empire strive. }

Remem-

Remember when the deluge overflow'd
 At the Command of God,
 When Giants, Monsters, Satyrs, roam'd abroad,
 And Lunatick as the craz'd addle Brain
 Of our *fi'am Conscientious Aldermen* ;
 When all the tribe, revelling in villany
 Were drown'd in the vast deeps Immensity,
 The Almighty found one virtuous Family:
 All were not kin to the Infernal brood,
 And in our Impious Age some few are good ;
 But on the World's great Lottery cast thy Eyes,
 A thousand Blanks shall meet thee for one Prize ;
 The general face of Nature is Impure,
 With an Infection spotted beyond Cure :
 Avarice, Rebellion, Lust, Ingratitude,
 Degenerate Monsters, thirsting after bloud ;
 Pride the vain Idol of the Court is made,
 And Love our darling Joy is grown a Trade ;
 Beauty is sold as Merchandizing ware,
 At who gives most like horses in a Fair ;
 Settlements, Joyntures, Bargains are your task,
 Your merit is the last dull thing they ask.
 Parents of old Conscientiously did prove,
 In th' days of unsophisticated love,
 That Marriage was design'd, and hearts were pair'd above :
 But modern Misers tear the trembling Strings,
 And from the heart, force out the life-bloud Springs ;
 Their only question is, whether you know
 The Fool is rich, if he be so
 No matter whether hearts are pair'd or no :
 Thus not considering that a moderate State,
 When souls are joyn'd the life makes fortunate,
 Beyond large heaps of wealth with one not lov'd,
 Their stubborn wills are rashly mov'd
 To venture, and are cause of all the strife,
 Torments and plagues of such a marriage life :
 I grant a tender Virgin, Young, unskill'd,
 Harmless as Infants, and as Turtles mild ;

By

By an immoderate passion, and ill fate,
 May be deceiv'd by some abhor'd Ingrate;
 She ought to think e'er she bestows her heart,
 And not with such a Gem, unless to merit part,
 For generous Love has no deluding Art ;

With honour, safty, peace, 'tis ever blest,
 Entrancing Pleasures and Eternal rest;
 And if the first her Servant's value proves,
 She's safe, for who could injure what he loves?
 Destruction lies in matches where the heart,

Instead of being in all, is in no part:
 Examine the fair *Bevy* one by one,
 You'll find there four in six, that are undone;
 Their wretched State, and every plague besides,
 Springs from their sordid Parents *Avarice or Pride*.

XIX.

Under this Curse the poor Selina fell;
Selina lov'd by Phillemon so well,
 Each smile she gave, he did to heaven prefer,
 As if he had no other soul but her.
 And if the faithles's tribe we might believ'e,

When they their vows, tears, sighs and dearest favours give ;

If when they make a Solemn vow,
 Deep as damnation, we may think it true;
 She once indulg'd his flames, and lov'd him too,
 And with an equal Zeal her pangs exprest,
 But Womens passions are too fierce to last;
 Each little blast of fortune turns and winds
 The roving fane of their Inconstant minds;
 Whilst from the Tables of their hearts is Raft
 A Passion they had sworn should ever last.

Swift were the happy hours, and wing'd with Joy ;

No Cross of fortune did annoy
 The dear content, and bliss of *Phillemon*,
 Whilst his *Selina's* heart was all his own:

When she his merit with discerning Eyes,
 Could cherish, and could prize ;
 And if, (as none could ever perfect prove)
 He had some faults, could guild 'em o'er with Love ;
 Her errors, though he clearly understood,
 He through the wrong end of the perspect view'd,
 Nourisht her Wit, Applauded every Line,
 Her blotted Billets kiss'd, and call'd 'em fine ;
 Nearest his heart, the speckled Snake he hung,
 Not thinking he should ever have bin stung :
 But time the Tutor both to good and bad,
 In her frail soul quick Alteration made,
 And now weak sensless Scruples do molest
 Her trembling breast,
 And Idle scrutinies her peace molest : }
 She loves, now hates, now blames herself and cries,
 Now binds her love by Oath, and streight that Oath }
 And is so stupid grown or so unwise, (denies,)
 That she can kee at Love's least vanity,
 And yet can swallow down with ease a dreadfull perjury.

XX.

Here had the Satyrist scarce made an end,
 Deeply reflecting on his injur'd Friend,
 Who well deserv'd a better fate,
 If faithfull Love could e'er be fortunate ;
 When *Error* lifting his dejected head,
 Blind with his gushing tears, thus said,
 Here let us swear by the Sun's dazzling Rays,
 The bright Celestial powers, that guide the nights and days,
 By the Omnipotent Father, dreadfull *Jove*, }
 And all th' eternal Parliament above,
 Never again t'incline our hearts to Love. }
 Let the fair smiling mischiefs still plot on,
 Let sighing fools believe, and be undone.
 Far from the town in some sweet Covert, we
 Will live in peace, and bless our Liberty,

Despise the vulgar, and the Apes of State,
 The Fordid, Rich and Soules fortunat,
 And all that are not good as well as great.
 This said, the t'other rising from his place,
 Seal'd the dear motion with a close Embrace,
 And instantly propos'd they might be gon,
 For now the scorching of the Southern Sun,
 Had driven the flocks to shades and Cooler Air;
 Thither our new created Friends repair,
 Amongst the bleating Herds on grassie beds they lay,
 Shunning all humane-kind, as worser beasts than they.

The End of the Satyr.

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